

AN ART SALE OF TWO WEEKS.

THE T. E. WAGGAMAN COLLECTION
TO BE DISPERSED HERE.

Nearly 3,000 Specimens of Chinese, Japanese and Korean Art in Porcelain, Pottery and Metals, With 100 Modern French and Dutch Paintings.

This art season of 1904-5 already gives promise of furnishing some important and interesting public sales of paintings, furniture, porcelains and other objects of art which will attract the attention of a large number of patrons and admirers of art who ever have their eyes fixed upon the opportunities of the reputable New York auction rooms.

Scattered along through the season of exhibitions and sales now about beginning are various paintings and pieces of furniture which are already well known that are to come upon the market, and there are, besides, paintings and objects of art of merit and character that will come as pleasant surprises, according to promises of the knowing.

One of the big sales to take place early in the auction season, it is announced today, is that of the collection of Thomas H. Waggoner of Washington, who has been known for thirty years as one of the city's wealthiest citizens. The last few months have made him more widely known through the bankruptcy courts, and by the order of the trustee in bankruptcy that Mr. Waggoner's art collection is to be dispersed through the auction mart.

The collection is valued, in the inventory made for the receiver, at nearly \$1,000,000. It is comprised of about three thousand articles, and the sale of them will occupy two weeks, including some evening sessions. Besides paintings and water color drawings, the collection includes specimens of the ceramic art of China, Japan and Korea from early times to modern days and metal work also.

It is well known, and has been clearly shown in auction sales of objects of art, that the prices of fine paintings, and of porcelains, especially, have been steadily rising, and when it is considered that Mr. Waggoner's collection is made through judicious and not indiscriminate buying, has cost him practically \$500,000, it requires not much imagination to see that the sale of this attractive aggregation assembled in the American Art Galleries, where the collection is to be sold, whatever the figures in dollars which it may yield, Mr. Waggoner used to employ a man deemed competent to go to Europe and make purchases for him at times when prices were favorable and the desired articles were obtainable.

Mr. Kirby of the American Art Association, who says many things, and usually the right ones, said the collection of Mr. Waggoner's art objects is the most comprehensive ever offered at public sale in this country. Mr. Kirby, who is in his enthusiasm declares that this part of the collection is only surpassed by the famous Walters collection of Baltimore. As the collection is being revised, corrected and completing the catalogue made at Mr. Waggoner's direction for private distribution a few years ago, he should be able to give a list of the objects.

In the hundred paintings of the collection the list of examples of the modern French and Dutch schools, as furnished on paper, presents an attractive record. Among the half dozen examples of Manet is "Sheep Coming Out of a Forest," a gold medal painting of the Salon of 1889, which is well known. As an evidence of Mr. Waggoner's method of buying and of the general appreciation in the press of such paintings, it is stated that for one of his Manet pictures Mr. Waggoner paid \$30,000, he received an offer of \$7,000.

Other canvases of the collection are "The Close of Day," by Miereux, "Souvenir de la Ferme de St. Aubin," by Troyon; "Black Rock on the Coast of Normandy," and "Le Lac," by Daubigny; "Grandfather's Consolation," by Van der Werf; "The Benin," by Flag of France; "The Lake Nemi," and "At Fontainebleau," by Corot; "Saint Paul Preaching," by Delacroix; "Evening," by Rousseau; "A Duet in the Studio," by Dagnan-Bouveret; "A Shipwreck," by Isabey; "A moonlight," by Jacques; "Homeward Bound," by Arabe on the March," by Bonington; "The Old Man," by Neuhus, Jacob and Willem Maris; "Menin, Richard Wilson, David Cox, Blomere, Ter Meulen, de Jong, A. H. Wyant, Van Dyck and others, besides early portraits, there are soft and hard pastels, porcelains, specimens of single color and decorated pieces from the Chinese, a fine "roskitch egg" vase from Capt. Brinkley's collection, and various enameled pieces, jades and carved crystals are included in the collection, which numbers among its rarer things swords by some of the most famous of the early Japanese armorers and artists. These are the specimens by Masamune, of the thirteenth century, by Masatsugu, Muramasa, Yoshitomo, and others.

There are also screens, lacquers and kakemonos. In what sums Mr. Waggoner handled money may be seen from the fact that while he was under only \$250,000 bonds to the Catholic University of Washington, of which he was treasurer from the time of its organization, he made over to the university the amount of \$700,000 more, in an endeavor to protect the institution when his bankruptcy was impending, at which time his indebtedness to the university amounted to \$300,000.

Father A. P. Doyle of the Paulist Fathers in this city, in speaking of Mr. Waggoner's wealth, said that he could not drive about Washington or its suburbs without seeing his real estate holdings on every hand. He was so highly regarded, a soldier and officer of note during the Revolutionary period, was a great-grandfather of William Moore, the lumberman and mine owner, disposed of by his will in a situation in the business center of Albany. A valuable block is alleged to be owned by the sole heir, William Moore Hubbell, grandson of the late William Moore, but Ashley refuses to tell the exact location of the property. The Court of Appeals held that Ashley need not tell of facts gained in confidential communication with his client and back of this ruling the witness takes refuge.

Ashley is stated in making a research of the Moore genealogy he found that Stephen Van Rensselaer, a soldier and officer of note during the Revolutionary period, was a great-grandfather of William Moore. Records in Poston, Albany and New York prove this. On previous hearings it had been intimated that part of the Van Rensselaer estate was located in California, and yesterday Mr. Ashley testified that he had planned a trip to the Pacific Coast which only the death of his client prevented.

ASHLEY PURGED OF CONTEMPT.
A Part of the Mysterious Van Rensselaer Estate, He Says, Is in Albany.

GLENN FALLS, N. Y., Nov. 10.—According to the testimony of Eugene L. Ashley, given before Surrogate Jenkins of Warren county, a portion of the mysterious Van Rensselaer estate which the late William Moore, the lumberman and mine owner, disposed of by his will in a situation in the business center of Albany. A valuable block is alleged to be owned by the sole heir, William Moore Hubbell, grandson of the late William Moore, but Ashley refuses to tell the exact location of the property. The Court of Appeals held that Ashley need not tell of facts gained in confidential communication with his client and back of this ruling the witness takes refuge.

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LIVE TOPICS ABOUT TOWN.

"I ran against a new manifestation of the tipping game the other night," said the man who is always looking for novelties. "I had been dining with a friend. On the way home we dropped into one of the new hotels which makes a boast of its high prices."

"We each had a cordial. I was not surprised to get a check for 75 cents, and I handed the waiter a dollar, expecting, of course, to reward his arduous services with the quarter balance. But he didn't give me a chance. He took the dollar, said 'Thank you,' and walked away. An assistant waiter came into my coat and we were ushered out."

"I didn't want the quarter, but it would have been a satisfaction to have said farewell to it."

A sturdy citizen of the East Side, accompanied by two companions, all showing the effects of a jovial evening, boarded a second avenue car at Thirtieth street. A few minutes later a woman sitting opposite jumped up with a scream and almost knocked the conductor down in her frantic endeavor to get to the other end of the car.

"What's the matter with you?" asked the conductor, thinking the woman was crazy.

"That thing is alive," she cried, pointing to the East Side. "What's that?" asked the conductor, looking scared.

"Can't you see," said the woman. "Look on his watch chain."

The bewildered conductor approached the man, and hanging on to his watch chain was a live mouse.

"Sure it's alive," said the big man, with a grin, picking it up and letting it drop into the conductor's hand. "It's the only kind of jewelry I can afford."

The conductor dropped his hand as if the mouse had been a snake. He looked as if he would have liked to put the joker from the car, but the citizen was too stout.

"You're pretty fresh," he said as he went to the back platform.

"Yes, I'm fresh, all right," said the big man. "But, sport, have you got a piece of cheese?"

The thirty housewives of the downtown Italian quarter are busy these days laying in their winter supply of fuel. Any morning, between 4:30 and 5:30 o'clock, a procession of them may be seen moving up Chambers, Warren and Murray streets from the direction of the wholesale fruit and produce districts to the women on their heads huge bundles of wood, the remains of shattered packing cases. They choose the early morning hours, when the streets are deserted, and they carry larger loads when the streets are comparatively deserted.

Passersby paused in front of an Eighth avenue undertaker's shop the other night and looked with commiseration upon two women who wept over a small white coffin within. One of the bystanders nearer the door than the rest overheard these remarks:

"How could his nose be now! And for three days before he died it was, oh, so hot. This from one of the best of fellows."

"Yes, and see how gray he is," wailed the other.

"I never noticed before that he was so gray," said the other. "Do you think that blue ribbon is quite the proper thing?"

The bystander could restrain his curiosity no longer. He entered the shop, reared up his hat and stooping over the little white coffin, beheld the body of a little dog.

The effect of the subway on the elevated railroad traffic is perhaps most noticeable in the early morning hours. Between 4 and 5 o'clock yesterday morning a south-bound Ninth avenue elevated train did not have to stop at the Eighty-first street station, but the motorman started up again without a go-along signal coming from any of the guards.

A Jersey commuter was approached on a Chambers street ferryboat as it neared the New York side yesterday morning by a hunky young countryman who made these remarks:

"Say, pardner, I'm from Steuben county, and I've been awake all night on the train, so I'm pretty tired. I ain't never been to the city before, so I thought I'd ask you if you could let me ride on your boat, where I could get a swig of yearlin' argument."

"I don't know what you mean," replied the Jerseyman.

"Well, now, that's queer," said the young fellow from Steuben. "The folks to home told me that you managed to get on to most everything down here."

And it being plain that Steubenese was not one of the things that everybody in the city was supposed to know, the Jerseyman understood that he wanted to find a saloon where he could get a drink of year old hard cider, his favorite stimulant.

A diminutive figure, clad in knickerbockers, a little tan overcoat and a peaked cap cocked jauntily on the side of his head, made several futile efforts to drop a letter in the box at Fifth street and Eighth avenue, but the other man, a tall woman of benevolent aspect, seeing the little fellow's plight, took the letter, saying kindly:

"Here, my child, you're not tall enough. Let me post it for you," and suited the action to the words.

Off came the cap, the little chap bowed low, and replied in a deep bass:

"Madame, I am very much obliged to you."

The woman gazed for a moment upon the gray mustache-faced face of a man of 50 or thereabouts and fled.

Swordfish are now being sold in the markets here. The big addition of the Italian element to the population is said to be responsible for its appearance as a food. It looks like coffee-colored, half-brown fish, like that fish, is cut into steaks bringing ten cents a pound at retail. It has a coarse, tough grain and tastes a little like sturgeon.

The fish weigh from 300 to 500 pounds each.

Dr. William Dudley Engaged to Miss Sling-luff.

BALTIMORE, Nov. 10.—Mr. and Mrs. Fielder C. Slingluff announce the betrothal of their daughter, Ethel Slingluff, to Dr. William Dudley of New York. Miss Slingluff is one of the handsomest and most attractive girls in this city. Dr. Dudley is Lexington, Ky., and a cousin of the late Bishop Dudley of Kentucky.

Cone-Savage.

RAHWAY, N. J., Nov. 10.—In Grace Episcopal Church, Orange, at 3:30 o'clock this afternoon, Miss Mabel Burke, a daughter of Mrs. John Burke of New York, was married to John Y. G. Walker of New York. The bride was given away by her brother, Edward Frederick Burke of Rahway, who had just returned from a trip to Europe with old point lace. She wore a bridal veil and her bouquet consisted of a bunch of white flowers. The groom was the bride's sister, Miss Edith Burke. The best man was Edward Norton of New York.

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A DAY OF SONG SINGING.

MME. GADSKI'S FIRST RECITAL
AT CARNEGIE HALL.

The Popular Soprano, Formerly of the Opera Company, Begins a Concert Tour to Extend to the Pacific Coast—Her Programme Curious and Unusual.

Mme. Gadski gave her song recital yesterday afternoon in Carnegie Hall. No longer a star of the opera, she has come back to America to tour the country as a singer of lyrics. Her entertainment yesterday afternoon was the first of a series which will stretch from this unregenerate town to the Pacific Coast.

The programme arranged by the singer was in some respects curious and indicated inexperience in the preparation of entertainments of this kind. It is hardly probable that Mme. Gadski will always place two such songs as "Mondnacht" and "Die Neugierde," or two such as "Verborgeneit" and "Traum durch die Dämmerung," in juxtaposition. These songs are too closely allied in character to follow one another effectively, though in each pair both songs are admirable in themselves.

Again, it is unlikely that Mme. Gadski will make a practice of singing in important art centres such songs as that which she gave as an encore number after her first part and the version of "Im wunderschönen Monat Mai," with which she concluded her second part. There are places and times for such songs, perhaps, but the place is not New York and the time is not the musical season.

Nor can it be believed that Mme. Gadski will again try the experiment of singing the final scene of *Brünnhilde* in Gottschalk's piano with piano accompaniment. Selmar Meyerowitz, who played the piano part right valiantly yesterday, cannot compel public acceptance of himself as an orchestra. It was a pity, too, that such an unhappy effect was made for Mme. Gadski's music of *Brünnhilde* admirably. It was in some respects the last feature of her recital, though it was unquestionably out of place.In her delivery of this noble passage Mme. Gadski sang with a certain dignity and with some warmth of color which was absent from some of her lieder. For example, she gave "Waldegespräch" in an unattractive manner, and in an unattractive manner. It was a pity, too, that such an unhappy effect was made for Mme. Gadski's music of *Brünnhilde* admirably. It was in some respects the last feature of her recital, though it was unquestionably out of place.In her delivery of this noble passage Mme. 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CARRIE BRIDGEMAN'S RECITAL.

Former Opera Contralto About to Study With Mme. Lehmann.

Carrie Bridgeman, who used to disport herself on the stage of the Metropolitan Opera House and disappoint her real admirers by failing to use her exceptionally good voice with wisdom, is about to go abroad to study under Lilli Lehmann. As a preface to her departure she gave a concert last night in Mendelssohn Hall. It was in some respects one of the most curious entertainments recently given in this town.

But at any rate it served to display once more Miss Bridgeman's big, powerful contralto voice and her unique lack of comprehension of the finer parts of her art. She was heard in songs, French and German, and in both her singing was conspicuous for splendor of tone and explosiveness of style rather than for insight or interpretative ability. In her flippant and unmusical delivery of Strauss' "Serenade," she was aided and abetted by an accompanist who could not strike the notes of the piano part and who stumbled over the keyboard in a saddest manner.

Herbert Witherspoon, basso, sang some German, Italian and English songs with effect. He has had no opportunity, but with sympathy and intelligence. It must be added, however, that since his first success as a lieder singer, he has had some questionable habits.

Perhaps the most entertaining feature of Miss Bridgeman's concert was the piano music composed and performed by Signor P. Florida. This gentleman has hitherto been among the unfortunate army of the so-called "piano" artists who are content to preach the gospel of piano music according to his own fancy. Last night was his hour. He after the street crossing in his hour. He after the street crossing in his hour. He after the street crossing in his hour.

The child belonged to the group called "The Enforced Work." Mr. Koscherak says that it is the work of P. Pugi of Florence and that it was exhibited by that artist at the Pan-American Exhibition at Buffalo. Some days ago Herman Sternberg, then a friend of Koscherak, visited the china shop. He was not in search of art; in fact, he ran up against it quite by accident. What Sternberg wanted was the address of a scrub woman some times employed by Koscherak.

As Sternberg went in the scrub woman was going out, and wishing to make a good impression, Sternberg stepped aside with a bow. In doing so he brushed against the extended foot of the scrub woman who is represented as protesting vigorously against his bath, and knocked off the big toe on the scrub woman's foot.

Carrying the dismembered toe in his hand, Sternberg approached Koscherak and told his tale. What was his surprise and consternation to find that that artist at that time was going to prove costly. Sternberg thought that \$1,000 was a big price for a real toe, let alone a marble one, and he is contesting the suit. It is said that he believes that the toe might be stuck on again at small expense or that, since Venus seems to be highly regarded without arms, the bathing youngster ought never miss so small a thing as one toe.

The statute may still be seen in its accustomed place, but no search will reveal the missing toe. That unfortunate member is reported in a lawyer's desk carefully wrapped in cotton and labelled "Exhibit A."

LIBEL SUIT GOES ON.

Heinrich Conrad learned yesterday by cable that the suit for libel brought by him against Dr. Conrad of Munich had been decided on appeal in his favor. Conrad called Mr. Conrad's chief of the Holy Grail. He appealed the suit after it was decided in Mr. Conrad's favor last summer.

MRS. ANDERSON'S LOST JEWELS.

Gilsey House Maid, Who Did Not Report Finding Them, Held for Examination.

Mrs. Leroy Anderson of Princeton, N. J., appeared in Jefferson Market police court yesterday to testify against Lizzie Hallock, the Gilsey House chambermaid who was looked upon after the loss of Mrs. Anderson's money and jewels, valued at nearly a thousand dollars, was discovered. Detective McIvor of the Tenderloin told Magistrate Barlow that the prisoner admitted she had found the bag containing the property.

Green-De Bevoise.

MONTCLAIR, N. J., Nov. 10.—Miss Anna Schoonmaker De Bevoise, a daughter of Mrs. Mary De Bevoise of Port Jervis, was married last night to Marshall Winslow Green of New York. The house was decorated with growing plants, chrysanthemums and autumn foliage.

Watkins-Van Slyke.

Miss Mabel Rose Van Slyke was married to Louis Ercel Watkins yesterday in Grace Church, New York. The Rev. George Bottoms officiated. The bride's father, Mr. Watkins, is a member of the board of directors of the New York City Police Department. The groom is a member of the New York City Police Department.

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OLD GORGON